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*The*  
*Final Draft*

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### Special Thanks To:

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Richard Irons

Barbara Baker

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Patrons of the Literary Club bake sale

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All those who submitted material for this  
magazine. We had so much excellent material that it was  
very hard for the editors and me to make the necessary  
cuts. Please continue to submit your material for the next  
issue, in hopes that *The Final Draft* will grow.

Sincerely,

Brian Craig Cumberland

Editor-in-Chief

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## EYES

You can see it in the eyes,  
there's so much time  
born with no future, toeing the line.  
It makes me want to run and hide,  
fly far away to the other side,  
and it's always "the other guy,"  
but they're all our children, and there are no ties;  
what do you say to that little boy,  
no dad, no home, broken bottles as toys.  
Do you go and say the future is dim,  
and all you know is your glad you're not him?  
How can you act like you really don't care;  
it's twenty degrees, the kid's feet are bare;  
do you say, "What can I do? I'm one man and I'm old,  
and I need to get home; my dinner's getting cold."

Anonymous



Reaching into the curtain of darkness  
majestically she blinks a bold warning.  
Alone she stands guard upon the banks  
warding off death until the safety of morning.  
Her diamond back, white and black,  
an idol of worship in the night.  
Sailors feel their way blindly over seas  
until they know her safety light.  
Lookout of lookout queen of the night,  
guide our sailors as they roam.  
Your beauty is unequalled, your strength endless;  
please bring our fathers and brothers home.

Kerry Pilkey

Rock and Roll has at times promoted drug use, promiscuity, violence, and a general glamorization of a hedonistic lifestyle; but when it's good and hot and you can feel the groove, there's nothing like it to lift you up and set you free to a world where there's no death, no exploitation; just a world with a couple of chords and a bit of frantic poetry.

---

## LONG LIVE ROCK AND ROLL

Anonymous



Railroads once were America's arteries.  
A sign of things to come - clotted  
by poverty and rotting, fallen down  
wooden structures - houses with untold,  
now forgotten stories - only the concrete  
buildings stand in defiance of decrepancy,  
no window panes to pain the wind.  
They are mere silhouettes of broken dreams,  
wind whipped shelters for the homeless -  
coffins in the cold - so cold is America.

Kerry Pilkey



## Dreams Can Come True

When I dream about you holding me tight  
can you see it too or am I out of sight?

You feel so real, making my heart beat fast,  
but all of a sudden, I awake, as if the director has released his  
cast.

Your warm body, your soft caress, my thoughts  
of you beat all the rest.

Last night we were lying on the beach embraced,  
your body bare, mine covered with lace.

Our bodies together were in constant motion,  
exposing our every desire with extreme emotion.

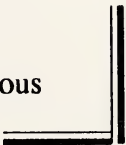
The moonlight was shining on our bodies, which  
were now still, you asked me to marry you and I  
replied, "I will."

Making me feel every bit of happiness in my heart,  
then I awoke, which tore me apart.

Knowing now, it was only a dream, making me so angry,  
wanting to scream.

But maybe as the saying goes..."Dreams can come  
true"... I wish this would happen between  
me and you.

Anonymous



I am lying down upon my bed  
with dreams of glory dancing in my head.  
Thoughts of one day when I am older,  
of how I will be the perfect soldier.

I want to go off to fight a war  
and many victories I wish to score.  
I have visions of marching through the mud,  
my fatigues are sweaty and stained with blood.

My legs march on beyond the point of tired,  
while my arms are tense and my nerves wired.  
The unexpected hiding while I search,  
I murder the enemy from my high perch.

Pain rushes through me as my thoughts are hurried  
and I find myself shot, dead, and buried.  
But for now I am lying upon my bed  
with dreams of glory marching through my head.

Kerry Pilkey

## VISIONS

I hear the thunder of the skies,  
The rumble of the horses' hooves,  
Water falling, and the tiny flies,  
Wind whispering as it blows;  
And feel the cold of the snows.  
I see the changing of the seasons,  
The gold and green of the leaves,  
The beauty of the valley from on  
Mountain high.  
I soar as high as the eagle,  
Stand as a statue, straight and regal,  
Swim like the mighty trout,  
Run like the coyote until I give out.  
I have stopped in amazement  
And gathered a piece of history.  
I put it to my ear, held it to my eyes,  
And offered it to the heavens,  
For I have found and shared  
A rough and true arrowhead.

Lawrence Paradis



## STARS

The moonlight guides my way  
The artificial light just clouds my path  
I look to the sky, it should'nt look like that  
concrete and steel hide the stars  
the fields where I used to run are now for cars  
this can't be what men set out to do  
if it is, I'd like to ask How Could You?  
give my field for a parking lot?  
from grass to tar, you should be shot  
that's just what I'd like to see  
there must be others who feel like me.  
That this earth wasn't meant for walls,  
for sky high buildings with endless halls,  
but for beauty, a love to see,  
grass and trees and birds and bees,  
rolling hills and rivers and streams,  
a visual celebration to fuel our dreams.

Anonymous

## UNTITLED

Sweet memory come back  
rest upon my shoulder  
you have grown weary in flight  
every day you grow older

Let me support your weight  
while you sit calmly in repose  
I shall take your flight  
above the path I once chose

Difficult is memory so blurred  
burdened between pain and bliss  
Tears upon the lips of a salted smile  
remember that first enchanted kiss

Star spangled sky and chilling breeze  
Cold hands held closely by a warm heart  
Memory fades black on a cliff alone  
seeking separate pieces now fallen apart

A year in flight maybe more  
if only shame would end this plight  
I soar above no where to land  
banished by a memory to a lonely flight

Forb Everly



## A Woman's Kitchen Table

left-over  
from Jodie's grandmother  
this small kitchen table  
bucks and toddlers  
on its last legs.  
a plain and simple square  
pine boards warped and stained  
one corner scarred from other use:  
years ago - a saw horse - skilsaw.  
once it folded into a one foot shelf  
leaves dropping, easy to move  
now patched with scrap lumber  
holding it together long enough  
for its final passage of service.

\* \* \*

it has witnessed many talks  
between friends and lovers  
many meetings, letters, mail and meals  
bills paid or agonized over  
telephone conversations  
typewriters typing poems  
grievances drafted.  
it has organized groups as easily  
as teacups, coffee mugs, wine glasses  
tall bottles of dark imported beer.  
it has watched my life unfolding  
as surely as I have nailed it open.

\* \* \*

it serves as the heartbeat of my house  
touching everywhere, renewing, energizing.  
every woman's executive desk.  
the decisions of the world are made here.  
salt and pepper cellars stand sentry  
to plans made to protest every enemy.  
tears wash and scrub at varied stains  
that fade but never vanish.  
comfort and despair are found here  
as common as the butter dish.

\* \* \*

I can judge at a glance  
the condition of my life  
from the condition of this table  
piled high with the immediacy of now.  
it must be attended to, right now.

Annie McCombs



## WHILE YOU WAIT

While you wait

patiently in the mall

While you wait

for me to call

While you wait

I talk along with some

While you wait

for me to come

While you wait

I'm in your every thought

While you wait

I'm hoping not to get caught

While you wait

I'm loving another man

While you wait

you're waiting for my hand

While you wait.

Vicki Hannah



July 5, Saturday

Hello, I thought I would start a diary today. I have some exciting news which I just have to share with someone.


I had a surprise visitor yesterday. A man named Roger knocked on my door. He said he was a friend of my brother, John. John disappeared last July without a word to anyone. Roger said he was passing through town and needed a place to stay. I told him that any of John's friends were welcome in my house, (especially if they were as good looking as Roger!).

Roger has jet black hair with heavenly, crystal blue eyes (And a little secret between you and me, when I look into his eyes, I see a devil, no angel). His body is slender but muscular, he dresses in expensive clothing, and has a gentle touch.

To make a long story short, it was love at first sight for the both of us. Our night ended in bed, with a night and morning I'll never forget. When Roger embraces me, I get chills up and down my spine making me feel like a school girl again. Sex has never been this good. I feel I have a beast stirring inside me begging for more and more. He gives me such unbelievable pleasure that I wonder if it is not a sin to want so much.

Now you understand why I had to share this exciting news with someone. My lustful man has come to life! He asked me not to communicate with my friends while he is staying with me. I don't know why, maybe he is jealous of my friends, or he is on some secret mission. For whatever reason, he is worth it.

I have to go now, Roger is arriving back from the grocery store. Yes, he is also a great chef!



## NATURAL ORDER

She gathers small bits carefully  
Spacing them for fruitful birthing;  
Then strikes the tinder and gently  
Fans the life into the flick'ring flame.  
The twisting tendrils gather force,  
Demanding that she take refuge  
Among the trees whose bark is scorched  
And savaged by the raging flame.  
A tremulous sigh escapes her  
As the white-hot inferno dies;  
She runs from her place of safety  
To exalt in the gentle flame.

But the sun drops down  
the day grows still;  
She's forced to move close  
to repel the chill.

Kathy Turner

July 10, Thursday

Hello, again. Today is a beautiful day. The sky is blue with no clouds in sight. Roger is still living at the house with me. His touch has become magical. He can turn me on and off with the touch of his finger as if I'm his puppet which only he can control. The feeling of someone having so much control scares me, but I guess that is how you feel when you love someone with both your heart and soul. Roger laughed the other day when I told him that I loved him with both my heart and soul. He asked, "Even your soul?" I laughed too and answered, "Well, yes, I think so." Then he took me in his arms and we ... well you know, no need for me to go into details. But I will tell you that it gets better every time.

It's time to take my bath now, so I'll write you later.




To look upon a falling leaf  
one would think despair,  
but as it falls  
it grows into,  
A bird with wings of air.  
Twisting,  
Turning  
Soaring,  
Swooping  
and then it settles  
lightly... slowly...  
to the ground.

B.C. Cumberland

July 13, Sunday

I have to make this short because Roger is due back any minute. Remember in my last entry I told you that Roger laughed when I said I loved him with both my heart and soul? Well ever since, he's been teasing me about it. He told me to prove it by writing it down on paper in my blood. I told him I didn't think that was funny which led to a big argument. He hasn't been the same since. He has been calling me a whore and other nasty names. Nothing like the Roger I first met. When we have sex now, it is far from being pleasurable. He finds enjoyment in making me feel pain. I beg him to stop but he doesn't listen, he laughs and continues to put me through pain, like a madman.

Now when I look into his blue eyes I see the real devil, cruel and ruthless. I wouldn't be surprised if he was the devil. Oh, I'm sorry, I am blowing this way out of proportion. When he arrives...Oh, here he comes now. He is walking up the driveway. I wonder what he has in his hand? Oh my God, he has a knife! He's inside the house, what should I do? Am I making no sense? He's calling my name, should I answer? or lock the door? I hear his heavy footsteps coming up the stairs. There, I locked the door. Could I have been so stupid as to have not noticed I was falling into a trap...a trap to sell my soul? Oh good lord, please forgive me for being so blind and so weak. He's calling my name louder, give me the strength to resist Lord...please! But I still love him...what kind of fool am I being? No, I must resist. There's no window for me to escape. Maybe he'll think I left the house. Oh God how did he get in...



## DISTANCE

Summers turn cold  
springs fall down  
as the years go by,  
the earth spins round  
with each slipping year  
I loose another day in the sun  
It seems I can't grow old  
days will never be done  
but, I know it's not so  
it can't come true  
that's why it hurts so bad  
sunny days are spent without you  
How I long to feel your face  
a loving smile  
a warm embrace  
Mom, I know to hurt is wrong  
but mom, my love  
my soul must fight to stay strong  
I know in time I'll find your arms  
You'll be so proud, I'll cause no harm.

Anonymous

## Change In Time

When I was young  
I had dreams  
Of life being filled  
With material means.  
As years pass on  
My dreams change,  
They now turn to love  
The intangible thing.  
Now as the years  
Push ever onward,  
The aquirement of knowledge  
Impels me forward.  
The wheel of time forever turns.  
Knowledge, likewise, is forever learned.

Tammy Margolis



I's

Such simplistic thought

It drives me mad

the youth today

they make me sad

At 15 drunk, 13 high

I sit and think, I just ask why

Why are there so many deaths

of such brave young men

The easy money, the deadly sin.

Anonymous



On July 14 at 6:30 p.m., Lori Miller was found dead sitting at a desk in the upstairs bedroom of her house. The door leading to the bedroom had to be broken into because it was locked from the inside. On the desk in front of Lori was a piece of paper with writing which appeared to be written in blood, "I, Lori Ann Miller, pledge my soul to Roger." Ms. Miller's wrists had been slit, but no weapon was found. Also on the desk in front of Ms. Miller was her diary which mentioned a man named Roger.

When police questioned friends and neighbors of Lori Miller's death, they answered with complete astonishment. No one had heard or seen Roger or anyone that fit his description.

For now, Lori Miller's death is a mystery. Could Lori have made up the whole story? If so, was it a planned suicide? Could she have had a psychological problem? or does Lori's brother's disappearance have something to do with her death? Maybe there really is a Roger. What do you think happened to Lori Miller on July 13?

Vicki Hannah

Reader-

YOU write the ending to this story.

The best entry will be published in the next edition of *The Final Draft*.



## **Literary Club Charter Members**

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